

PS 3503

.E77 R6

1908











# ROSALINE

BY B. M. BESHSHURE

11

“Go little book from this my solitude.

I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways!

And if, as I believe, thy vein is good,

The world will find thee after many days.”

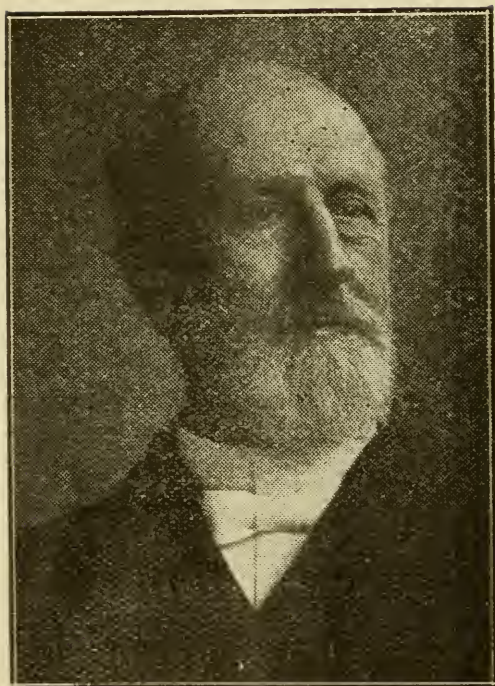
— *Byron*

Copyright 1908

1908  
PRESS OF TIMES-SUN  
WEST NEWTON, PA.

LIBRARY of CONGRESS  
Two Copies Received  
JUL 22, 1908  
COPYRIGHT ENTRY  
*June 10, 1908*  
CLASS *A* XXc. No.  
*209292*  
COPY B.

1033  
11716  
1208



J. C. MELOY, D. D.





## DEDICATORY

---

Dear Sir :

In you I found a heart that throbs with affection, a soul that flutters with peace and good will along the riotous fretting shore of life; in you I met a human that walks in the footsteps of the divine; in you I have found a friend.

Accept, I pray, these golden dreams of my youth, these rhythmic beats of my young heart, these sighs on the vanities of modern society, these aspiring hopes and wishes sung in the bosom of this glorious Republic.

Sincerely,

B. M. BESHSHURE

West Newton, Pa., June 1, 1908.

## *ERRATA*

---

Page 9, line 1, read "against" instead of 'gainst.

Page 14, line 27, read "bid me nearer" instead of bid nearer.

Page 14, line 28, read "lap" instead of lips.

Page 23, line 42, read "advanee" instead of progress.

Page 31, line 18, read "ntter" instead of outer.

Page 32, line 27, read "throbs" instead of thorbs.

Page 36, line 31, read "patriotism" instead of patrotism.

Page 35, line 40, read "suecess" instead of progress.

Page 47, line 18, read "the" instead of thy.

## Rosaline

The sun was sinking in the west,  
Emitting from his couch of death,  
Soft crimson rays that lit the crests  
Of yon high tufted hills that swoop'd  
Along the moaning, rocky, shore;  
And lent the eve more awe, and wrapt  
Within their dales a nightly gloom.

There was a fire within the clouds;  
There was a fire beyond the hills;  
There was a raging fire in our  
Young hearts as we together moved  
Along the shore, from rock to rock,  
Her hand in mine, my heart in hers—  
Both flying on the wings of love  
Two beings—one soul, one heart, one mind,  
Each being the other's world and life.  
The air he breathes, and the light  
That guides him and the gentle heart  
That throbs within his heaving breast.  
And beats a music known to love.

Enchanted, and bewilder'd by  
The grandeur of that golden eve,  
We lastly settled on a rock  
Just by a pretty little cove,  
Where weaklings of the dreadful sea,  
And wee young fishes swarmed around,  
And found a refuge peaceful, safe,  
That shelter'd their little, harmless lives,  
And free from cares, they jostled about,  
And sparkled in that shaded cove  
Like little pearly stars of night.

She sat beside me, fair, divine,  
Voluptuously adding to  
The beauty of the scenes around  
And shared my silence and my dreams.  
I gazed upon the heaving main,  
And gazed upon her brilliant eyes,  
In whose profoundness I did loose  
My heart, my soul, my life, my all.  
My sobbing and my tears could not  
Quell that love tempest within me.  
I dropped into the fath'mless depth,  
My dreams, my fancies and my cares,  
That with the plashing, murm'ring tide  
Beat 'gainst the rocks, and in the cove,  
Both died out 'neath her sacred feet.

O! happy and rueful hour that passed,  
And buried itself deep in the clasps  
Of love adventures and love haps!  
Come back to me! Oh! back to me.  
All nature twit me of thy grief  
That, mixed with a voluptuous joy,  
Shakes all the bonds of heart and soul,  
And leaves the lover, smiling, sad,  
And to the mercy of the tears.

The sun sat down behind the hills,  
And twilight followed, and the gloom,  
The faded gloom, that usher'd the night,  
Reign'd o'er the ocean and the shore,  
And nature, dreamless, slept beneath.  
The wind was calmed into a breeze,  
Fresh, cheering, and melodious, too.  
The waves quelled down to ripples mild,  
And silence, deep, all over reign'd,  
Save in our hearts that louder beat.

The darkness made us oftener gaze,  
And gaze more ardently upon  
Each other, fearing lest the gloom  
Would hide us both behind her screen.

But love, a power that holds a sway  
O'er nature, and reforms her laws,  
Showed her fair face more bright and fair  
More gentle, more attractive, and  
The crimson rays that linger'd still  
Above the dark horizon lent  
Her cheeks a faded hue divine.  
Her golden ringlets veered and swayed  
And flutter'd with the breeze and cast  
Faint shadows on her white forehead  
That looked like ocean shaded with  
The shadows of the evening clouds.

The day grew paler, darker, and  
The twilight crept into the night  
That hid beneath its sullen wings  
All things and silenc'd time and life.  
I summon'd my shatter'd senses, and  
With a reverential spirit looked  
At that fair angel by my side,  
That with a halo bright was crowned.  
I saw her tearful—and her tears  
Were glistening, dropping in her lap  
And running there in runnels fast,  
And rivulets with murmur sweet.

O! What a doleful tempest broke  
And stirred the elements in my heart.  
I drew little nearer to her side,  
I clasped her gentle pretty hand,  
And quivering, knelt and stammer'd words  
That meant more worship than did love.

She turned to me, a ravishing being  
Whose silence e'en was plenitude  
To my repining, famished heart.

Distracted with our love and hopes  
And fancies and love's ecstasy,  
We totter'd in each others' arms,  
And sighed, and sobbed, and wept and washed

Our cheeks with kisses and with tears—  
The souvenirs of Parting Day,  
Viaticum of murder'd love.

The scintillating stars began  
To wan and loose themselves in space.  
The hills assumed a silv'ry hue  
As their crests toward the bright'ning east  
Were towering gigantically.  
The queen of night sat on her throne,  
And darkness fled before the moon,  
Who rose with all her heavenly sheen  
To solemnize our parting eve.

We were still by the sacred rock  
That witnessed our sad last farewell;  
And were, upon its sacred breast,  
Invoking all the bliss of heaven,  
And heaping there our warmest love.  
We both knelt down in sight of all  
The wakening powers of heaven and earth,  
That all with hark'ning ears and hearts,  
Dismayed by that sad touching scene,  
Cast down o'er us a solemn gaze.  
And as I felt her hand in mine  
And saw her kneeling by my side  
With eyes, uplifted, utt'ring soft  
Her sweet, sweet prayer of love; I felt  
As if my heart and all were blown  
Off on her charming, madd'ning looks  
To some far region of the skies,  
To those dense groupings of the stars  
That aren't but glances from her eyes.

It was then chilly, and the dew  
Was forming on the scarpèd rocks,  
And on the sands and gravels we trod  
And making them wet, slippery.  
The sharp, loud, monotonous sound  
Of insects and the harsh loud croak  
Of toads, and murmur of the waves,

That quietly broke 'gainst the rocks,  
Were filling our ears and filling the shore,  
And echoing in our broken hearts  
An awe combined with dread and fear.  
We travell'd homeward, speechless, mute,  
And frenzied by the morrow's cares,  
And pond'ring o'er the happy past,  
And o'er the barren future days,  
And wishing that night would but expand  
Itself into eternity.

How sweet it was to gaze at her,  
And fill up my poor wretched heart  
With her divine, immaculate grace;  
And sweeter still to shut mine eyes  
And contemplate her radiancy,  
That in my bleak and dreary heart  
Did shed the rays of paradise.  
Or to come closer to her side  
And touch her pretty tidy dress,  
At which cohabitation, I  
Did shudder like an autumn leaf.  
She was more than a friend to me,  
So her I pledged all love I had;  
She was more than a sister dear,  
So, her, embraced most dearly  
And said, fair Rosaline, beloved,  
Have pity on my sighs and tears;  
Have pity on the heart that thou  
With golden chains of love hast bound  
And kept in bondage at thy feet.  
O, keep him yet lest he should die!  
O, do not leave me, dear, to go  
Where neither I nor my night dreams,  
Nor my bereft and darken'd hopes  
Can reach a smile, or bitter tear!

She all suffused with blushes turn'd  
Her violet eyes, whose glances shone  
More bright than all the silv'ry rays  
That poured down from the glorious moon  
And danced upon her golden cheeks;

Then utter'd a sigh whose ravishing warmth  
Commingle'd with the bounteous wave  
Of her commotioned, sadden'd breast  
Did bring me nearer to my grave.  
Ah, happy hour! when she did break  
The silence and into my ears  
She whisper'd her sweet words and said:  
"Beloved, thou cleft my heart in twain,  
Where cherish I a love for thee,  
That time nor fate can e'er subdue,  
Nor distance canker or decrease.  
Ask those dim stars of night how oft  
I watched them on my sleepless nights;  
Ask that bright lapsing moon if she  
E'er met on her long endless course.  
But fragrant, faithful, silent prayers  
That my fond heart breathed up for thee;  
Or hear the moaning deep repeat  
As it enfolds her favorite beach,  
My yearning to thy sweet old side.  
I'm bound to leave thee for a time,  
For Marg'ret, whom you know, so kind,  
Our dear old friend to me dispatched  
A message, with a cordial call  
To spend these summer's months with her  
In Paris, where at present she stays.  
She tells me of a jolly time  
They have, of all the social clubs,  
Of balls and dances which the Counts  
And Lords and barons do attend  
And make the gath'rings glitter with  
Their jovial spirits and their golds.  
There's now a chance for me to quote  
The latest fashions and the rules  
Of etiquette and modern styles  
At their congenial grand abode.  
Our land is flooded with all these,  
And our esteemed magnates have all  
Recoursed to them and gave to them  
Their best attention and their hearts.  
I wish, beloved, you could spare  
A time, along with me to go,



But oh, how oft our best desires  
Betray the heart that gave them birth,  
And wrap it o'er with endless hopes."

I felt a violent horrible shock  
Within my soul, that was to bid  
Her last farewell to peace and life;  
And felt as if my breath was lost,  
And ghastly silence grappled my tongue.  
The city lights came to our sight,  
And glitter'd through the sluggish air,  
Breaking away the spell of night.  
The hum and hubbub in the streets;  
The noise of traffic and of life  
Were looming louder in our ears.  
We passed the precincts, plunged into  
The wide and narrow streets and lanes  
And passed the thickest thoroughfares,  
Yet heedless of the hottest rush  
And closest jostling of the crowd.  
Our path expired at last, and lo!  
Upon a gently sloping knoll  
We stood, beside a wicket gate  
On which the ivy wove her leaves  
And flowers cluster'd dewy gay.  
There Rosaline went in, alone,  
Caressing those tame plants that bent  
Their foliage round her gentle arms.  
I watched her glancing back at me.  
I watched her stalk in gracefully  
And quietly across the yard,  
Then through the door that she unlocked.  
My strength gave way I tottered down.  
I lied upon the chilly grass  
And grappled the lattice of the fence.

The moon had climbed high in the heavens,  
Shone down on dales and nooks and brooks,  
And bathed in her soft balmy rays  
• The rose, the bud, the leaf, the twig  
The rampant thicket and the mound  
On which her mansion quietly stood,

Amidst the most delicious charm  
Of most enchanting summer nights.  
A window in the lower floor  
Was oped, and there the silv'ry rays,  
That pertly danced upon the blinds,  
Poured in with balmy lavishment.  
Lo! Rosaline, with all her grace  
And captivating looks appeared.  
With yearning heart and ardent eyes,  
Half screened with tears of piety,  
I watched the moon of heavens salute  
And hail her sister of the earth.  
She laid her elbows on the sill,  
And laid her cheeks upon her hands,  
And there, more like an angel fair  
That hails the world with peace, she stood,  
And gazed on nature slumb'ring in  
The vales and wakening in the skies;  
And mused and mused, then stalked across  
The room, then she showed up no more.  
Not e'er the full moon's brilliant rays,  
That struck and knelt down on the floor  
In supplication near her bed,  
Could show her shadow or her form.  
And not until a while elapsed  
Could I retrieve my shatter'd thoughts  
And gain a strength to raise myself,  
And stumble homeward down the slope.

My fancy, stirred with dismal hue  
And tunes of sad and empty world,  
Did peal on me and break my heart.  
I planned to follow her abroad,  
And ever be at her sweet side,  
And ever look at her bright face,  
And ever beg her looks, and bask  
My heart in their benign sweet rays.  
Then cares and hardships did assail  
My plans, that seemed could not be swerved,  
And duties called me back and chained  
My aspirations and my dreams.  
O heaven and earth! Has she indeed

For me in her chaste dewy breast  
E'er cherished a love; or how could she  
Let go an one like me who lived,  
So solely, on her smiles and looks,  
And far from her, so wretched he was  
And little cared to live his life?  
But didn't she say, she did; and what  
A symphony, a bliss, her words  
Did ring and echo in my ears?  
Oh, yes; and she avowed it too.  
"What ails thee, then, my heart?" I cried  
"And what in heaven and on earth,  
In life and in eternity,  
For sweeter, gravest thou beside?"  
"Remand thy passions, heart, and hold  
Them in that golden leash of love  
That her sweet lips to thee avowed."  
A happy consolation did  
Then flutter in my dismal breast,  
And toppled down the loads of cares  
That crushed the flower of my youth.  
O, blessed confidence of love,  
O, pilot of the trouble-tost,  
O, anchor of the wavering hearts;  
Akin to chaste young children trust  
To worship of the Deity.  
The road was rough'ning as I went,  
And swerving to the right and left;  
And leading me through tilth and groves,  
Through thickets and through narrow creeks,  
Up hill, down hill, by granges, folds,  
By quarries and through shaded swamps,  
Through many a hedge and thorny fence.  
But gained the city streets at last.  
And soon into my room I stepped  
And locked up soon myself and plunged  
In bed fatigued, disturbed, dismayed,  
Now hopeful, now without a hope  
With passions veering, here and there,  
And fancies steering, far and wide,  
And mem'ries sweet and mem'ries sad,  
Stripped off my slumber, choked with sobs,

For she between my eyelids posed  
And stole away my meager sleep.  
The clock struck ten, then struck eleven,  
Then round to twelve, then its click-clock  
Died out within my ears, for lo!

I saw her in a garden, gay  
With blossoms of the early spring,  
While singing what could never sing  
So sweetly all the linnets of May.

She was then sitting by a spring.  
Her eyes bewitched the atmosphere,  
The tiny plants and daisies were  
Around her clasping in a ring.

The birds were sporting with sunshine,  
Leaves rustling, water murm'ring, too,  
And her sweet tunes were soaring through  
The purple space to realms divine.

She seemed to me a being from heaven,  
A part of nature's grandest themes;  
I stood so dazzled in her beams,  
But with her glance my hope was risen.

With throbbing heart I 'proached her side;  
My tears were brimming, streaming out;  
I laid my heart and life about  
Her feet and spoke my prayers and sighed.

Another glance from her did charm  
My soul and bid nearer pace.  
In her sweet lips I hid my face,  
And round my neck she laid her arm.

All things then changed; lo, there, I stood  
Upon a cliff that tower'd high,  
And loomed with me into the sky,  
And kept me o'er my fate to brood.

Deep sighs and frets and furious roar  
Were crowding all the valley's bed  
From waters rushing down so red  
As if were fed with human gore.

The threaten'd cliff opposed the act  
Of its unappeasable mad foe  
That, in its vehement furious flow,  
Pour'd through its heart a cataract.

And howled at times with howling gusts  
And filled the chasm with froth and spray  
As its deep fathomless pathway  
Was hewing through the rocky crust.

I sorrowed and did shudder with fear  
As there I stood bereft, forlorn,  
Deserted, broken down, lovelorn,  
Who lost all things in love but tears.

There I called back love's vanished days,  
Whose splendor did, of old, to me,  
Eclipse time, life, eternity  
And flood creation with his rays.

And pond'ring gazed upon the line  
Of swooping hills around with grief,  
And counted every falling leaf,  
To every falling hope of mine.

No consolation, nay, all things  
Around breathed horror and alarm;  
The woods, the river, and the arm  
Of fate that flung me on death's wings.

The sun then at mid heaven posed,  
The trees half-stripped at autumn rounds  
Cast slight little shadows on their grounds,  
And all the forest's nooks exposed.

Lo! there beneath an agèd tree  
My Rosaline had smiling stood,  
I leapt with joy and scarcely could  
Appease the heart that throbbed in me.

I summon'd my strength to fly to her;  
I hurried back and hurried forth;  
I hurried wildly south and north;  
But found I was imprison'd up there.

To jump! A death infernal in  
The gorge's jaws, so ragged and stiff,  
Yet bitterer death upon the cliff,  
A death of yearning blazed within.

But suddenly from the forest's heart  
Appeared a strange, suspicious beast  
That grovell'd stealthily abreast,  
Then on my Rosaline did dart;

And through the forest with her sped:  
I shouted loud and wept and cried,  
And wakening, on a tearful tide  
I found me floating in my bed.

My heart was beating like a drum,  
My breath was dashing like a wave;  
And looked as if out of the grave  
I, back to life and light did come.

Absorbed in fancies scorched and burnt  
And shuddering still with horror fierce,  
Made to the door and soon was off  
With breathless hurry through the streets.  
The sun had climbed high in the East,  
Dispersing with his brilliant rays  
The thick, dark morning mist and lent  
The universe a joyous hue.  
But all was dark within my heart  
As on the depot's platform stood  
I, summoning him with silent blush  
To bid his angel sweet farewell.

Surrounded with her friends, and mates,  
And relatives fair Rosaline  
Came dressed up in a trav'ling suit,  
And stalking like a goddess of old.  
She had upon her breast a rose  
Still damp with balmy morning dew;  
And to her stylish hat was pinned  
A beautiful bunch of violets.  
But fairest, sweetest than all buds,  
And blossoms and flowers of the spring,  
Were her fair bonny cheeks and eyes  
That dawned on me that parting morn.

A distant, deep, resounded roar  
Did warn me of her train's approach;  
A roar that billowed sadly in  
The crypts and arches of my heart.  
She looked around, and as her eyes  
Met mine in wavering, solemn gaze,  
She beckoned to me and stepped aside,  
I followed in a humble pace,  
And stood bewilder'd by her side.  
She stretched her arm to me, and as  
I pressed her hand in mine I felt  
That all my sorrows cower'd and shrank,  
And vanished, fading at her feet.  
"Good-bye, beloved"! I mutter'd to her,  
And when the quiet hours to come  
Shall stir within thy youthful breast  
The reminiscence of the past,  
Recall a friend that cherished thee,  
And plighted thee all love he had,  
And pledged at thy love's sacred shrine  
His heart, his life, his destiny."

Oh! there, panted the giant train,  
As she bore down along the track,  
And smoked and whistled thunder-like,  
And flashed a hubbub in the crowd  
That stirred and rushed up to the cars;  
Then last of all beings followed I  
With broken heart and pleading looks,

Helpless and tearful, mute, aghast,  
And watched her going up the steps,  
And watched the wheels and heard them screech,  
And saw them glide along the rails,  
And bear my sweetest life away.

\* \* \*

From rock to rock, from shade to shade;  
Alone with my ill fated heart;  
From park to park, from haunt to haunt;  
From brook to grove, to yard, to bower,  
And seats of matchless, boundless joy,  
Where we immortalized our love,  
And our undreamt of wretchedness.  
How tediously my days did crawl!  
How sadly crept my eyes and nights!  
I spurned all social transient joys  
And fled to nature's bosom, where,  
I met a soothing, kind caress,  
So sweet, eternal, and benign.  
Where laid I down my grief and cares,—  
Where I did tell my rueful tales;  
For nature was a gentle friend  
That cared to wipe my tears away.  
And in the rustling of the leaves,  
And in the murmur'ing of its brooks,  
It lulled the pangs that chafed my heart.  
How oft, alone, upon the hills,  
Or 'neath a stooping, archèd rock,  
Or lying on the grassy lawns,  
I dreamt my days from dawn to eve,  
From early, pearly gleam until  
The sunset blushing ceased to glare,  
Revolving deep within my breast  
The contemplations of my youth,  
And ever grasping in my hands  
Her beautiful picture that I loved,  
And cherished like a relic of saints,  
And gazing on and on until  
The rolling tears did screen my eyes.  
How oft I read out to the bright,  
Attentive, silent skies the sweet  
And tender, missives she had sent



To me from board her sailing ship;  
In which she told me of her sad,  
And lonely, tedious, gloomy hours;  
Of all her longings, once again,  
Upon this happy shore, to stand,  
To tread upon the beautiful soil  
Of her free, glorious fatherland;  
And read them o'er and o'er until  
Their sweet, harmonious echo could  
Be heard reverberated by  
The mould'ring ruins of my heart.

One blithesome morning of the spring  
When verdure clothed the meads and vales;  
After a drizzling shower past  
And left behind upon the grass,  
And on the leaflets of the trees,  
Bright drops of rain that spangled like  
Little pearly stars in sky of green.  
That morn I left out for my haunts  
Still worried by the old, old cares,  
And sighing still my favorite sighs  
That time for them had made a path  
Within the archives of my breast;  
And made them sound more deep and sad.  
I was more restless, more dismayed,  
Despondent than ever before;  
For since a tedious, great long lapse  
Of time she had not written me;  
And so forgotten by her felt  
I was upon this dreadful earth  
A sheer exile without a home,  
Without a cheerful ray of light.  
That morn I had a letter from her,  
The which I hugged a thousand times,  
But oh, to my all ruining despair  
It told an alter'd, false, base heart  
That reared an utter faithless love.  
I clenched her message in my fist  
And gnashed my teeth with anguish that  
Drove out my fancy, frantic, wild.  
I lost my way and dived amidst  
The shrubs and brambles in the woods,

And roved astray till suddenly came  
To a big tree that stood upon  
A grassy solitary lawn.  
I sat me down in its thick shade  
And mused and ponder'd and recalled;  
And wept more tears than ever did.  
"Forbid it, Heaven!" shouted I,  
"Forbid it thou great God of Heaven.  
O, Rosaline's kind, noble heart;  
Forgive it. Oh! Forgive it all!"  
I blushed with stinging sad remorse,  
My eyes were filled and clouded thick,  
My breast was choked, my breath withheld  
I sobbed and wept so bitterly.  
Dear Rosaline, that sacred being,  
Her words that chanted earth and heaven;  
Her simple, noble heart that bloomed  
Beneath the sky of this free land,  
Have changed into a mockery,  
And she into a mere coquette!

"What ails thee, lad?" A soft low voice  
Rang in my ears, I turned my face,  
Lo! there behind me stood a man  
With stately figure crowned with all  
The chaste and snowy glow of age.  
That leaning on his staff approached  
My side and took his seat upon  
The bed of grass. He laid his staff  
Upon his trembling succumbed knees  
And patted pertly with its tip  
His chobby-hairy, huge old dog  
That felt the quiet, comely spell  
Of his old master's gravity,  
And quietly lied beside him, and  
There gnarled those breezy hours away.  
"What raked that fire in thee, young man?"  
Resumed the old man, turning his  
Dim foibled eyes askew at me.  
"What turned thee wild and made thee spurn  
Society to haunt the woods?  
What made thy tears so glibly flow,

And thy young heart so wildly heave?  
Are all the consolations and  
The graces of God's heaven o'er done?  
Has God used up all his sweet peace?  
Brace up, O, passionate, tender lad!  
For sorrow is a double sin:  
A crime 'gainst nature and a crime  
Against the great Creator, God.  
All eddy'ng sobs and rolling tears  
Can ne'er restore the flying past,  
While cheer will make the present worth  
A thousand past, a thousand fold."

And when he paused a while to gain  
His breath and pat his slumb'ring dog,  
I raised my head and gazed at him  
With eyes half dried up of their tears  
At his caressing, helpful words:  
Then suddenly broke again in sobs  
As a dear thought had flutter'd by  
The gateways of my mind, and leapt  
Away across the gorgeous skies  
With dear love mem'ries on its wings.  
"Break down that grasp of hopeless grief."  
He added, with compassionate tune;  
"Thy looks, thy sighs and tears do all  
To me betray and tell a love."  
"Nay, more they tell a love, betrayed,"  
Sobbed I, with quiv'ring, broken voice.  
"A maiden whom I loved, my sire,  
A maiden sweet and chanting, whom  
I worshipped next to the divine.  
She had the charm of muses and  
Upon her virginic cheeks and lips  
A lavishing rosy flush of youth  
E'er glowed with blithesome chastity.  
Her hair possessed the color of gold  
And was like those soft ruddy rays  
That falter in the sunset skies,  
And garland heaven and champion day.  
Her eyes, blue as the summer sky,  
Had cheer'd the gloomiest darkest souls

And set the calmest heart on dreams,  
And with their cheerful, balmy rays  
Dried up the tears of time and fate.  
She was as gay and cheerful as  
The robin in the month of May.  
She had the prudence of the sage  
And had the mind of Socrates.  
Beneath the sky of this land she  
Thrived as the lily of the field,  
And was at home a mountain nymph,  
A rose through winter and through spring.  
Together to the same school went;  
And sat together at one desk;  
And daily when the school was o'er  
Her books I carried home for her.  
She learned about the Saviour Christ,  
She learned of God in nature, and  
She studied nature and her laws,  
And traced through countless ages life  
In all its stages and its growth.  
She read of saints and patriots  
And heroes of the days of yore,  
And learned to walk in their footsteps.  
She had all that was to her sex  
Denied all o'er the world of man.

They tell me we were born in May,  
The same day, almost the same hour,  
Out in our suburban cottage homes  
Amidst the flowers and at the song  
Of birds and tinkling of the brooks.  
We grew so much together and  
Our prattling infancy gave way  
To joyous, playful childhood and  
To friendliest companionship.  
We used to join the neighbors' tots  
And share them their playthings and toys,  
And join them in their outings, and  
Together hop on meads and fields.  
I always followed by her side,  
And she did always shed a bright  
And happy smile along my path.

I picked her all the flowers she liked  
And never failed to deck her breast  
With roses that did match her cheeks;  
And pin to her gay golden hair  
The dewy tufts of hyacinth.  
I had a satisfaction sweet,  
And doubtless in obeying her will  
I often wished her to suggest  
To me some errand or some deed.  
I asked her once if she desired  
Me chase a gaudy butterfly  
That lighted on a twig nearby.  
"No, thanks," replied she with a smile,  
"Let him enjoy his life, for I  
Do hate all pleasures that would cause  
Somebody else's misery."  
So frankly, sweetly utter'd she  
Those words that did her heart bespeak,  
And did my heart with virtue touch.  
So deep in my young soul they were  
Impressed that now they sound so fresh  
As if were told but yesterday;  
For we, my sire, are simply what  
Our maidens' hearts want us to be.  
Whene'er I missed her, but one day  
I grieved and felt my heart ablaze.  
Whene'er I wept naught soothed my heart  
Save her sweet looks, and gentle hand  
That wiped my "precious" tears away.  
(She always called them precious, alas!)  
And brought my cheeks in touch with hers,  
And with her bounteous, radiant smile  
Reflected glorious, sparkling hues  
That ne'er a sun could form on rains.  
No milder passions later years  
Could introduce into our hearts.  
The innocent simplicity  
Of childhood passed to blushing youth.  
'Tis true we lessen'd frequency  
To our dear haunts and rendezvous.  
'Tis true we were less seen together  
But naught could thwart our love's progress

Or could abate our eddying zeal.  
Nay! came we to a fuller sense  
Of our unique attachment and  
Produced 'more tears, more sighs, more love.  
The sunny days of summer to us  
More charm than ever did portend.  
The birds sang sweeter and the flowers  
In deeper tacit eloquence  
Addressed our throbbing, spell-bound hearts.  
The brightness of the outer world  
Was blended with the inner joy  
And sweet felicity of love,  
And made our youth a grace, a bliss.  
So fair and charming Rosaline  
Was looming in my chanted eyes,  
That oft I wonder'd whether God  
Could e'er create an angel like  
Herself, for she, oh she, did stand  
The masterpiece of Deity.  
Was that belief of mine a trance?  
Was it a fancy or a whim?  
That love did picture to my mind,  
My heart, my senses and my soul?  
But let that be whate'er it might  
I know (and don't want know no more)  
It ruled my thoughts; it governed my life;  
It formed my most resplendent dreams;  
It sensatized my stolid heart;  
It purified my youth and set  
My soul on path of piety.

One day we climbed upon the hill  
Whose sumptuous verdure and whose wide  
Untrammell'd lovely sceneries  
Did oft attract us and infuse  
Great happiness into our hearts;  
Simplicity into our thoughts,  
And loftiness into our love.  
We called that hill the "Thur of Youth,"  
It was so dear to Rosaline  
(And certainly as dear to me)  
That many a time she dreamt of it

And told to me those dreams of her  
Pure heart that harmonized in my  
Attentive ears like tales of heaven.  
That day was glorious, clear and bright.  
We had with us our favorite books;  
As then we planned to lull the hours  
With pretty poems and with songs.  
I had "The Works of Robert Burns,"  
That never left my pocket; she had  
Great Byron's "Hours of Idleness."  
So cheering was the eastern breeze  
That swept the ocean's purple stretch  
And whisper'd through the orchards and  
Rose up to us so fragrant fresh.  
Taking Burns' precious booklet I  
Read out his "Highland Mary" to  
Her, and she shared my sighs and wept  
While leaning on my arm her cheeks.  
She made me oft repeat that song;  
But seeing how the Scottish lovelorn  
Made her emotion stir so wild,  
I paused at last and cheered her up  
By loving consolations and  
By earnest, prayerful words of love.  
"My Rosaline," said I, when she  
Had her old cheerful mood resumed,  
"A song! You've always been so kind."  
She paused a moment then broke out  
The silence that o'erwhelmed our hearts,  
With most melodious, cheering tunes  
That ever swelled 'neath azure skies.  
Oh! gloomy is the human heart  
That never dreamt his youthful dreams,  
And worthless is the life that ne'er  
Did worship in the shrine of love!  
The sweetest happiest dreams of youth  
Did then possess our hearts, my sire.  
"Rise up," she said to me in one  
Of those energetic tunes that  
Characterize the daughters of  
This land when 'roused by duty's call  
Or moved to do their master's will.



"Rise up, let us be true, beloved,  
To God and virtue, as to love.  
I heard my mother talk last night  
Of a poor family that dwells  
In yon house by the railroad track,  
Of a sick mother, and a child,  
All whose incessant labor does  
Not e'en purchase their daily food.  
Our visit might prove a blessing to them;  
We might bring cheer to their sad hearts."  
So off with unremitting zeal  
We went, no briers or thorns, no slopes  
Or ragg'd rocks could tire her down  
Or check my watchful care of her.  
The sun shone down with scorching heat  
And made us crave the pleasant hours  
We had upon the breezy hill.

It was lunch time in that little cot,  
A piece of cheese, a loaf of bread  
Laid on a table gnawed with age,  
Did represent the family's meal.  
There was a stir within the cot,  
The son had then come home from work,  
Had on the table laid his meal  
(The simple poor same old meal) and  
Was helping his ill mother to share  
His food and living to live with him  
And dying they together die.  
"May heaven bless thee, my son," the old,  
Half paralyzed, gaunt mother said,  
As he had braced her in her chair  
And gave her half his bread and cheese.  
"May God, the Father of all good,  
The Giver of all gifts, grant you,  
My son, His all-abiding grace,  
And shield your path and fill your sheds  
With corn, and fill your home with peace:  
For He won't pass His children by  
Or fail to help them at their need  
Or ever mock a mother's tear."



There was quite an estrangement when  
Fair Rosaline stood at the door  
And hailed them with angelic smile.  
They never speculated on  
A visit like that or they ne'er dreamt  
That men of wealth and glittering gold  
Were made like them of common clay.  
The mother whose tears soaked up her bread,  
The son whose cares choked up his heart,  
Both were amazed and kept aghast  
And silent for a lapse of time,  
As if of their poor means ashamed.  
Encourag'd by Rosaline's kind words  
And her sweet smiles, they brightened up  
And welcomed us with generous hearts.  
They offer'd their chairs to us, but we  
Took seats upon a bench and had  
Them both resume their lunch the while,  
Fair Rosaline kept teaching them  
And telling them the words of God  
And tales of sweet and soothing truth  
That were from her fair rosy lips  
Told out with double grace and charm.  
When lunch was o'er she helped the sick  
Old mother to her bed and laid  
In her lap all the coins she had  
And hugged her with a kind embrace.  
How touching! were the mother's looks,  
That wander'd all around the cot—  
From empty cupboard toward her son,  
From Rosaline up toward her God—  
And muttered out just one soft prayer  
Afloat o'er tears of gratitude.  
O! ye, all men of gold and wealth  
Who own the trophies of this world  
Have ye e'er tasted poverty  
Or cared to see the suffering poor?  
Have ye descended from your high  
And breezy halls to visit those homes  
Where men with souls like yours reside?  
If not, dear friends, then do it now.

The years rolled on and Rosaline  
Left school, my sire, and faced the great,  
Wide, outer, tempting world and got  
In closer contact with her friends  
And shared society its fads.  
And gave to foreign vanities  
Her heart that was as pure as snow.  
'Tis not yet a full, gloomy year  
Since to the old world she has crossed.  
Alas! all those celestial gifts  
With which our nation vies the world,  
All that high breeding totter'd down,  
And worshiped vanity beneath  
Her French colossal cenotaph.  
Whose shadow mars Christianity.

I could no more bear up to tell  
To him those woes and sad details;  
I hid within my hands my face  
And sobbed with a heart-rending grief.  
Moved by my pitiful tears he 'proached  
To me and by his gentle words  
And soothing consolation my  
High eddying grief abated, thence  
I raised my eyes and looked at him  
With a reverential, thankful glance,  
And from his half-closed, half-ope'd eyes  
That age enfeebled by his strain  
I saw two glistening, silent tears  
So slowly rolling down the folds  
And wrinkles of his trembling cheeks;  
Then heard them tinkle in his lap.  
I realized, I felt his love,  
And his kind interest in me,  
I felt my sorrows shared by him.

"She gave me up," continued I.  
"And did her fatherland eschew.  
She spurned the simple, honest love,  
And shunned to dwell in sacred hearts  
And be a goddess in a shrine;  
And chose to dwell within the walls

Of mould'ring, crumbling castles of yore,  
And be a captive and a slave.  
She gave a 'busted' count her hand,  
And bowed with solemn oath her head  
To decked grave-like hypocrisy.  
O God, God what a dream absurd,  
An empty drum, a chimera,  
A loathsome burden, hateful task,  
A worthless bauble, and a jest,  
Appeal to me this life of mine!  
How can I live while my dear heart  
Departed and within my breast,  
Left aught but pangs disquietude  
And mould'ring ruins of a, once,  
Fair, gay and flourishing paradise,  
But now a barren, desolate waste,  
An herbless, budless, springless life,  
A surging sea, a lump of death."

I then with jealous anguish, wild,  
Threw down myself upon the ground  
And aimed to tear then myself up.  
"Don't sin against just heaven, poor lad,"  
Cried he while in his fondling arms  
Embraced me fainting in his lap.

When next I ope'd my eyes I was  
Laid down upon a bed of grass,  
Beneath a tuft of hanging rocks,  
And gales from rustling trees nearby  
Were blowing life into my veins.  
His dog was guarding by my side;  
Now snarling, barking sullenly;  
Now sniffing about with eager watch,  
Or licking lovingly my hands,  
And shaking soberly his tail.  
I raised my head and looked around;  
There was no human to be seen.  
My clothes were wet and so my hair,  
And so the trodden grassy bed.  
When seeing me restored to life  
The speechless dog leapt wild with joy,

And rushed amidst the bushes down  
The slope to break the happy news  
To his compassionate human friend,  
Who in a little while appeared,  
Escorted by that faithful dog  
And carrying in his hat, along,  
Cold water from the bubbling spring.  
I rose up and toward him I sped  
And thanked him in a cordial tone  
And words dictated by a heart  
That felt immortal gratitude.  
I took the hat from him and meant  
To spill its contents on the ground.  
He got it back and watering a  
Sere little with'ring plant he said  
'Ne'er fail, young man, to shed a smile  
And scatter sunshine where'er you go,  
For life conceals within its folds  
More misery, more darkened hearts  
Than e'er we thought of or divined,  
For in that smile and that sunshine,  
A weary, haggard soul may bathe  
And find an everlasting bliss.  
Oh, when on my inspection tour,  
This morn, I left my lonely home  
And found thee 'neath that aged tree  
That rears its head beyond the hill,  
And saw thee moaning, dank with tears;  
Thy loneliness, thy looks all told  
The world to move and pass thee by,  
And let thee wail thy life away.  
I felt more sorrow than could bear.  
And to thy notice hence I stepped  
And did accost thee to thy grief.  
For I, young man, was brought up in  
An age in which humanity  
Was ne'er from its own self estranged.  
An age in which all forms of wealth  
And vain pastimes of life were for  
The peace that human souls infuse  
Each into each, poor substitutes.  
Oh, what a flatt'ring, shameful and

Erratic, tantalizing whim,  
Oh, what a selfish, wrong belief  
Appeals to me a certain creed  
That rules the spirit of this age.  
A whim that placed impassable bars  
Amidst our social human race;  
That made the social ties so loose  
And shame to gloat o'er selfish aims;  
And man to curse his brother man,  
That hid his faults behind a screen  
Of crimeful, wicked, self-interest  
Which he mistermied a lawful war  
And a survival of the fit.  
An abominable wrong that would  
Drive off its maker wildly mad,  
If he from his old grave would rise  
To judge the fakers of his laws.  
It cast not few to outer despair,  
It turned good many wild as beasts;  
It ruined well-meaning, zealous souls."

And having squeezed up his wetted hand  
Picked up his staff, and coming to  
A sunny spot he placed it there  
To dry up in the high-day sun.  
I watched him with an earnest gaze,  
Amazed of his uncommon zeal,  
Despite all his decrepitude.  
"My sire," I said as he stooped down  
To take a soft seat by my side,  
'How can I e'er repay you for  
Thy care of me that does surpass  
All great rewards all human gifts?"  
"By never mentioning it, young man,  
By living up to Heaven's commands  
And never sinning as you did  
Against the sacred Christian peace.  
By casting all thy troubles away."  
"Is there a sinning in pure love?"  
Cried I, raising my sunken face;  
"Is there an error and a crime  
In what the Heavenly Father breathed

Within our human hearts, my sire?  
In what the whole creation moves  
And has its most harmonious being?  
A crime? An error? You say, sir,  
Of what God, Himself, is? A fake?  
Of that most actual virtue that  
Does make religion possible?"  
"Forbid it, God! That e'er I should  
Deny what nature all around,  
With sweetest, truest, echoes proclaims!  
Deny what my corporeal sense  
In soundest truth conveys to me;  
What I do hear, do breathe and touch,  
And do behold in earth and sky  
And all the nooks of existence.  
From that little wee seed in the field  
To those gigantic worlds that whirl  
In space; but this does manifest  
A wholly different phase, young man.  
What makes the good, a good, is not  
A virtue in itself, inheres  
As much as 'tis the way applied.  
For bad in virtuous hands may turn  
Out good while ignorance does make  
Of good a venom and a curse.  
I praise the love in thee, young man,  
I praise thy faithful heart that thorbs  
With sweetest, fond affection, but  
Do hesitate if to pronounce  
It a consistent, wholesome love.  
It far excells that ravenous sort  
That governs the motives of this age;  
That base, ignoble, sordid lust  
So flirting, so seditious, that  
Does gloat o'er virtue's sweetest flowers  
Disguised in love habilaments;  
E'en in an age like this that claims  
A reaching toward the true ideal.

"We are not made to weep and mourn,  
We have a nobler aim in view;  
'Tis true, all sorrow emanates

From tender, faithful, loving hearts,  
From souls replete with meekness and  
Abounding with docility,  
But ne'er devoid of hopelessness  
Which mars the pure implicit trust  
That binds the human and divine,  
Wherein love giving birth to grief,  
And grief to undivine despair,  
Religion suffers in their strife,  
And gives discredit to the heart.  
Wherein, young man, affections, while  
Are boasting o'er the lustful love  
Had climbed too high and fell.  
But I would rather see the race  
Climb high and fall and climb and fall  
Than see him ravishing in his lust  
Down by the morbid foot of time.

"Pluck out this thorn of sorrow from  
Thy heart and fill thy days with good;  
Go teach the erring world to spurn  
That noxious most pernicious lust  
That has been cank'ring human life,  
And has been making man a beast,  
And love a wretched infamy,  
A curse for youth, a desp'rate code  
That mesmerized the will of man.

"Like a sweet spectral strain his words  
Rang in that quiet vale and pealed  
Up through the billowy foliage of  
The heaving, rustling trees, and struck  
Harmonious quivers in my veins.  
I felt he was the ghost of peace  
On earth; the conduit of God's truth."  
"Will then this age that swarms with true  
And marked progress be doomed?" said I.  
"Yes, to some marked extent, for that  
Bright light that has for man dispelled  
The gloom of ignorance has cast  
A dark profile upon his soul,  
In which he hid his worldly loot.

The virtues of this age, young man,  
Are numerous, but oh, how oft!  
Its gay society displays  
So much of riotous living and  
So much corruption that would shame  
The vilest ages of the past.  
'Tis e'en in this our glorious land,  
This land on whose free blessed soil,  
Beneath whose starlit loving skies  
The weary, haggard souls of all  
The human race a refuge seek.  
This land that stands for truth and love.  
For freedom and morality,  
Has been polluted and defamed;  
It has been bowing down its head;  
And has accepted what it had  
Eschewed and cursed in days of yore.  
And there the East now scoffs and jeers  
The West; and there the broken down,  
Decrepit old does fool the new.  
Look to the myriad evils that  
Has flooded to this land in shape  
Of desp'rate aimless, reckless life  
Of luxury, of vanity.  
Observe our wealthy potentates,  
How they've to despotism recoured;  
How they are smoth'ring virtue's cry;  
How they are copying revelrous modes  
And vain, foul customs from the East,  
And paying their prepond'rous gold  
To buy a name, or buy a badge.  
Oh shame! ye sons of those esteemed,  
Illustrious fathers whose great deeds  
Immortalized their precious names  
In marble cold and hearts so warm.  
And whose dead sacred mute bones from  
The threshold of eternity  
E'er curse your selfish, aimless lives."

That is what caused thy misery,  
That is the life's boat on which thou  
Had cargoed all thy love and hope;  
That has been tempted by the depths



And sailed with all her buoyancy,  
But smitten by just one gale, young man,  
It wrecked and dashed thy heart and all  
Against the ragged shoals of grief  
On which thou lie now sad, forlorn,  
Bemoaning all thy youth away.  
Wake up, young man, prepare to hear  
What might to thee sound wondrous strange.  
'Tis time, young man, we should awake  
To our gross errors and atone  
For our imprudence and our pride,  
That have hoodwinked us in the race.  
We've set a higher prize to things  
So worldly transient and so vain,  
And turned to heaven's concerns our backs,  
And in great many ways we all  
Have misapplied our ample means  
And swerved our efforts toward the wrong,  
The very system of our thoughts;  
The very education we  
Do suckle with the childhood milk  
And glean in schools and galleries  
Of knowledge is deficient, wrong;  
It banished idealistic truth  
And made us worship matter in sooth.  
Oh 'tis that flatt'ring, wheedling and  
Seductive "code of interest."  
It has its own dupes 'midst our ranks  
That preach its gospel zealously,  
So unaware of myriad crimes  
That lurk beneath its air-swings.  
Trace wrong and folly to their depths  
You'll find there couching interest.  
Trace revelry, trace vanity,  
Trace luxury, trace recklessness,  
Trace selfishness, debauchery,  
Trace misery, trace all known crimes,  
There at the bottom interest you'll find.  
Is it then meet, young man, to build  
Our superstructure of progress  
On such a dangerous quick-sand?  
But this is what we have achieved,

We teach it to our guiltless child,  
Who'll make, no doubt, the morrow's man;  
Thus sow in his receptive mind  
The very seeds of selfishness.

The pendulum had swung with lack  
Of "interest" and thence produced  
The bleak, dark ages of the past;  
And dealt a fatal blow to all  
The possible culture of the mind.  
But in the present age it knocked  
With "interest" the other extreme  
And dealt a fatal blow to all  
The possible culture of the heart  
And shut the gates of "heaven within."  
It then drove men to horrible grotts  
Of sordid dry religion and  
To virtue's prairies where he hoped  
To win the promised paradise.  
It now drives men to revel with sin  
Hoodwinked by pride to stroll upon  
The highways of materialism  
In hope eternity to win.  
O, twin poor, grov'ling, straying worms,  
O, crude, erratic beings, alas!

This is what made thee shed thy tears  
And sob with an incessant grief;  
What made thy days as dark as nights,  
Thy nights as sleepless as thy days.  
'Tis interest, eccentric, wild  
That swept in its resistless flood  
All patriotism, virtue, love.  
'Tis interest that played its course  
In childhood years unhinder'd, free,  
Whence passions let so loose without  
The slightest impressive command  
Had erred, were ditched and went a prey  
To worldly vain concerns of wealth.  
Now here, so helpless as we are,  
We stand and watch our wealth consumed  
And squander'd in base, wicked pursuits.

This is the odious spirit that  
Fills many a home with misery  
And makes our courts our busiest shops  
Our jails as crowded as our schools  
And our grog shops and filthy clubs  
The graves digged for humanity.  
Alas! young man, if this our dear  
Great, lovely fatherland be doomed  
Before we take up to our guard;  
For though my eyes with age are dim  
My mind, distracted and decayed,  
Lo! there above the dim profile  
Of time a gath'ring storm behold,  
E'er bigg'ning dark'ning creeping on  
With a terrific weight that might  
Crush down the very pillars that  
Hold up our social dignity.  
Waste not thy time 'mongst sighs and tears,  
Go teach the world in words and deeds  
To stand for virtue and for love,  
'Tis sweet to shed a tear and breathe  
A sigh when our dear ones are missed.  
'Tis sweet to love; 'tis sweet to love,  
'Tis holy, sacred and divine;  
But let us not depart with love  
And pour it off in wasteful tears  
But keep it e'er within our hearts  
To purify them and redress  
The wrongs and inclements of time.  
Thrilled up by his kind helpful words,

Absorbed in their immaculate truth,  
That like a pealing voice from heaven  
Stirred up the elements in my soul,  
And like miraculous seasonal clouds  
Precipitated in my breast  
The deluge of another life.  
I mused and roved and roved again,  
Then suddenly stood up on my feet,  
Addressing him with humble words.  
But all alone I was! He left  
No trace! I searched amongst the trees;

I rushed down toward the fount, but none  
 Was there; I climbed the hanging cliff  
 And cast around a watchful gaze,  
 I saw him plodding his steep way  
 Up yonder hill through bushes and thorns,  
 Supported by his staff and lead  
 By his big, sprightly, tireless dog.  
 He looked to me like virtue's ghost  
 Fighting its arduous course in life  
 And tramping down the snares of sin,  
 Triumphant, marching heavenward.  
 I felt a godly stir within,  
 And on that high, commanding cliff  
 Under the crimson evening sky  
 Down on my knees I knelt and prayed  
 And pledged my heart and life in sight  
 Of nature, that did echo my cry  
 And time that ceased his hurried fly  
 Smiling above the reddish west  
 To encore my true, humble prayer,  
 "O Rosaline, I'll live to pray  
 For thee and love to live and do  
 Thy will, O God! Thy will, O God!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The fall succeeded summer, and  
 The snowy winters usher'd the spring.  
 The fields did bud and flower and bloom.  
 Rich harvests came; rich harvests went.  
 The leaves let fall again their leaves.  
 Thus time drew toward eternity,  
 And life drew nearer to its goal.  
 The days were bright'ning cheerfully  
 And filling the once sad heart with peace.  
 The sable hue of life exchanged  
 With pearly dawn that did announce  
 The brightness of the soul within.

The orchards bloomed three times; the young  
 Apple tree that Rosaline and I  
 Had planted in weird youth grew tall  
 And almost shaded all our porch.  
 Our pet sheep did give birth to three

Young lambs with coats as white as snow.  
The first was very dear to me;  
I loved him so I called him "Rose,"  
And always hang (to make the name  
More fit) upon his horns a flower.  
The past was still so dear to me  
You see; its shadows often stirred  
My meditations; but its gloom,  
All its despondence and despair  
Could not becloud the peace that reigned  
In my new heart or shake the trust  
My Saviour breathed within my soul.  
The tangible objects, time and space,  
The Ego and the Self are not  
The only fact realities,  
That form, the universe—there are  
Invisibilities that rule  
All matter, life and time and space  
And do establish harmony  
To their reactive entities  
And keep the human in direct  
Communion with the ones on high.  
It is true and established that  
The outer tangible things reflect  
Upon the hearts contentment, joy  
And pleasure; but all these fade out  
When habit holds a sway upon  
The frail nerves of our mortal coil.  
Not so with that eternal joy  
That takes its rise within the soul,  
Replenished by the grace divine;  
That like an ever-flowing stream  
Floods out all sorrow and despair.

I had a constant cheer within  
My heart no day brought in new cares,  
No night new terrifying dreams.  
Not that big Mother Nature changed  
Her stable, uniform old laws,  
But that my soul gave up her whims  
The papers never failed to trace  
And give exhaustive long accounts

Of Rosaline's in married life.  
To journalism that was not  
A mere dry, private, stale event.  
Nay, was indeed a national one,  
A vivid symposium of the faults  
And follies of our vain home life.  
I read all that and marvelled at  
The gossips that did fill the land  
And did to me first sound so gross.  
One writer stated that the gold  
Which Rosaline had squander'd with  
Her count would weigh three thousand pounds.  
Another wrote, "Her fortune would  
(If nobly have been used) effect  
Converting millions back to Christ."  
A third one wrote: "Our fleet is not  
As strong as ought to be. The hulls  
Of some of our big battleships  
Are not enough thick-plated with  
Strong steel, for when in time of war  
The crew and ammunitions get  
On board they sink and show up but  
Few inches of protected hull.  
The gold that she has wasted in  
The bars and cafes of Europe, would  
If to equip our fleet bequeathed,  
Give us the strongest naval force."  
What those surmises had in them  
Of worth, I did not know, forsooth.  
I was then chiefly more concerned  
About her home life, and the way  
Her count was wont to treat her in.  
All that, alas! read out a sad  
And shameful, vile disgrace.  
They had no mutual, trustful love.  
She did suspect him and he did  
Suspect her of the sycophants  
Of whom each kept a petted horde.  
He married her to get her gold  
She married him but to assume  
His social title; but at last  
When all her millions dwindled out.

And when behind his title she  
Met all the woes of scand'lous life,  
Dark Hades gulped within their souls.  
A cutting of their marriage tie  
Was by the papers predicted,  
And it was rumored that her folks  
Would not restore their prodigal child.

Few weeks elapsed but nothing new  
Was told about her status till  
One Sunday morning when I took  
The paper and glanced rapidly  
O'er its first title page on which  
My glance caught in what read like this:  
"Confined in bed out on a farm,  
Attacked with fever, Rosaline,  
The Countess of ———, the daughter of ———,  
One of our multi-millionaires,  
Deserted by her count, is now  
A victim of continuous spells  
That might result in heart collapse.  
She is nursed by a mother and son  
Who were somehow connected with  
Her, as they say, when they were poor.  
The doctors gave no hope that she  
Will e'er recuperate." The rest  
Was soaked off in my tears. I ran  
Down to the depot and got on  
The train that soon was off amidst  
The outskirts of the town, and though  
She dashed like lightning I wished she  
Would take the fire that was raked in  
My heart and bear me sooner to  
The presence of fair Rosaline.

The whole face of the farm was changed.  
The fields that but few years before  
Had been all cover'd with weeds were then  
All ploughed and terraced and fenced around,  
And green with grass and gay with flowers  
And blossoming shrubs of various plants.

I stole in 'midst the piles of hay,  
And went around from shed to shed,  
But could not find my way therein:  
I went about and traced the road  
That Rosaline and I did take  
When once we visited that spot.  
I found the rock that she sat on  
Before we went into the cot,  
And saw the little shrub on which  
She leaned and whose little green leaves she  
Touched with her gentle hand; and saw  
The very stone I stood on then  
When laid my cheeks upon her lap  
And listened to her sweet words and watched  
The drops of sweat that glided o'er  
Her rosy cheeks and fell upon  
My face with sacred soothing charm  
That will outlive eternity.  
The brook that murmur'd by that rock  
Was lending still a boundless charm.  
I also found the greenish toad  
Still leap from hole to hole, then post  
Himself upon a stone then dive  
Into the water, then spout out  
And sing his loud ancestral croak,  
Just as when Rosaline stood there,  
And listened with a pensive mood  
And praised the God of Nature who  
In every form of life has placed  
A soothing form of happiness.  
I also saw the pebbles grind  
And chafe as ever in the brook,  
And whirl around, then tumble down  
Into the gliding current, and  
Wash off into the ocean wide;  
Just like all other molds of life  
That struggle with time, and living their share,  
Glide on into the infinite.  
All that dear spot was heeded by  
The cruel hands of time, for love  
Divine was hov'ring o'er its seats;



But all around it man's great hand  
Had wrought extensive change in sheds,  
In bowers, in fences and canals;  
Thus could no further trace my way.

A column of smoke that slowly furled  
And floated in the sluggish air  
Above a bunch of trees, to me  
Did then suggest the dwelling place.  
I walked on toward the smoke, and soon  
I found the road that led me to  
The mansion Rosaline stayed at.  
On knocking at the door an aged,  
Tall, stately woman soon came out  
With a rich smile upon her face.  
We recognized each other, but  
I was amazed at that big change,  
That proved to me how God ne'er fails  
To help his trusting children, and  
"Does never mock a mother's tear."  
She told me then how Rosaline  
Was anxious to see me, and how  
She often, on her bed of pain,  
Had sung of our past, happy days.  
"This morning," said the mother, while  
Wiping her feeble eyes, from whose  
Deep wells the tears gushed forth, "she is,  
Poor Rosaline, in critical swoon.  
We fancied for a time we lost  
Her, but about an hour ago  
She woke up, and begged us to send  
For you; but we, not knowing where  
You live, we then attempted to  
Console her, but all was in vain.  
We prayed to God, and ere our knees  
Sank to the floor we heard your knock.

She led me through the parlor to  
A large adjoining room, where, on  
Her bed lay Rosaline, as pale  
As death, and drooping like a flower  
That faced the autumn of her life.

She smiled when I approached her side,  
And stretched out her pale hand to me,  
Whose grasp I felt in my hand like  
A fluffy lump of melting snow.  
Her eyes and mine met in a glance  
At which each turned his face aside,  
And wept the remnant of our tears.  
"The fault was mine," cried she, and gave  
Herself up to her sobs, with which  
Her soul was nearly gushed away.  
Feeling what error I fell in  
I 'proached her with a loving tune,  
And cheered up her sad heart, and said:  
"My Rosaline, (if yet thou do  
Allow this friend to cail thee his)  
My Rosaline, save thy dear self,  
And live again for love and me."  
"Too late, too late," she mutter'd to me;  
"Too late, beloved, for I've now passed  
The threshold of existence, and  
Now stand upon eternal soil.  
But oh! beloved, how drearily  
The grave yawns to receive my soul!  
How horrible that Ghost of Death  
That comes to pluck my heart away!  
How dark the world I fall into!  
How fearful! O! my God, my God!  
O let me live betwixt thine arms!  
O guard me 'gainst this hideous death  
That'll snatch me from thy bosom, dear."  
"O Rosaline, dear Rosaline,"  
Cried I with broken voice, "Lay all  
Thy burden at the Saviour's feet,  
For e'en the darkest valley of death  
Will brighten at his loving smile."  
"Too late, beloved, for what will that  
Repentence of the wretch'd avail  
Him while he slumbers in his grave?"  
"Nay, Rosaline, thou ne'er have been  
So wretch'd and lost that God's wide grace  
Cannot encompass and restore  
Thy soul to his salvation fold."

“I have denied my Christ, beloved.  
I have, on death bed, spurned his grace;  
And mocked His bleeding wounds upon  
The cross of human cruelty;  
And scorned His humble death for me;  
And doubted God’s infinite love  
And His infinite mercy; and  
Hurled down with my blaspheming hand  
All Godhood, wrapt with heaven and earth  
Into the dark, eternal nil,  
And buried my soul in their remains.  
I have committed suicide”!  
And poured the acid in my throat.  
‘O, dying, wretched woman, Alas”!  
Cried I and fainted by her side.  
Awakened by our host’s good care  
I took the pale, dear Rosaline  
Between my arms, and wiped off with  
My kerchief her bright, pearly sweat.  
“Shall we send for the pastor, dear?”  
Resumed I with a pleading tune,  
To which she gave a nodding consent.  
In a little while the pastor came  
In, holding in one hand the Book  
Of Truth, and in the other his staff.  
He looked quite old, and “crowned with all  
The chaste and snowy glow of age.”  
He smiled on us, who gathered around  
Fair Rosaline’s death bed, and laid  
The Holy Bible in her hand.  
She hugged it to her breast, and laid  
On it a silent kiss and wept.  
He beckoned to us, and we all knelt  
Down at her bed and listened to  
His touching prayer that seemed to pierce  
All fathoms of space, and reach the throne  
Of God, and bring his peace and love.  
We rose up and a heavenly light  
Was fluttering o’er her face, and her  
Sweet lips were muttering hopeful songs.  
We listened and heard her last sweet words:

"While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!"

Her cheeks waxed red, she ope'd her eyes  
And gazed at me with her most bright  
And radiant glance, then a rich smile  
Swept o'er her face <sup>and</sup> carried her  
Into the great eternal world.

Beneath a maple tree that grew  
And wafted its fresh fragrant breeze  
Beside the murm'ring cottage brook  
We buried Rosaline, and strewed  
The flowers o'er her grave, and wept.

How little! that tender piece of flesh  
That in the human breast resides,  
And calls itself a heart; yet how  
Grand and incomprehensible  
It fills itself with virtue, truth,  
And pure, divinely chastity.  
At other times with vice and dreams,  
Absurdities and chimeras.  
It beats in life, it beats out death,  
It beats aversion to mankind,  
And beats what angels sang to earth  
That sweet and lulling strophe—Love.  
It is the lovers' wrecking boat,  
'Tis a tumultuous ocean dark;  
'Tis a bright, lovely firmament;  
It is the heaven within us;  
It is the dismal, dark abyss,  
The dusky, drear hell into which  
Humanity hurls down itself.

O dear old seats of love and joy,  
In whose most sacred bosom did  
We shed the happiest tears of youth!

What wither'd thy gay and fragrant flowers,  
Ye meadows of the days by-gone,  
Where oft we frolicked and beguiled  
The passionate storms of love and youth?  
Ye bowers installed and decked all o'er,  
And trimmed by her enchanting hands;  
That shaded us on summer days,  
And 'mongst her roses and her twigs  
Did hide our endless tales of love.  
Ye leaves and buds that thrived so long  
On her benign and balmy breaths,  
What wither'd and nipped thy life away?  
What silenced, what did sadden thy songs,  
And trillings ye linnets of the past?  
O chirping birds, what made thee weep?

Ye Church of the great living God,  
Ye virtue's pure, solitary child  
That rear thy steeples in thy sky,  
And hail the world with peace, good will;  
That ever lulled my burning zeal  
With peace so sweet and so benign.  
Ye pews where often to her side  
And in the shadows of her dreams  
I sat and spoke my prayers and sighed,  
What made thee lose thy charm and bliss?  
What did to thee thy grief impart?

What filled thee with a gloomy spell,  
Ye rocks, and cliffs, and dismal coves,  
Ye breakers that with their white foam  
E'er muffle the barren, sullen shore,  
And heaves the fath'mless, gloomy depths,  
And stir my gazing soul to rove  
As they our old dear haunts embrace,  
Smooth off her footsteps on the sand,  
Or murmur softly, sadly and  
Splash up the memories of the past!

JUL 22 1908

3477-182  
Lot 69





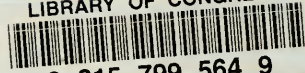








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 799 564 9